

Minimum

The world is only a breath,  
almost nothing,  
the hesitant  
bears his name.

She follows the rules,  
the fluctuating,  
and choose from all possible  
that which has little weight.

So it stays:  
an edge, a transition,  
a light that never goes out,  
because it forgot how to do it.

Life is,  
what remembers,  
that it forgets –  
and still counts.

Consciousness:  
a knot in the web of time,  
where future and past  
shake hands briefly.

At the end  
(but who says there is an end?)  
everything is just an echo  
of nothingness,  
which was delayed.

And resurrection?  
Maybe just  
the last question,  
who do not yet  
Reason needs,  
to be asked.

And what is consciousness, suffering, pleasure, decision and inevitability,  
you will only know at the end of all time –  
and after all time,  
where all knowledge is known,  
but who no longer knows why –  
and to avoid this contradiction,  
everything must be resurrected.